Lord *Thaliard* from *Antiochus* is welcome.

Thal. From him I come with meſſage vnto Princely *Pericles*, but ſince my landing I haue vnderſtood, your Lord has betooke himſelf to vnknown trauayles, now meſſage muſt returne from whence it came.

Hell. Wee haue no reaſon to deſire it commended to our Maſter, not to vs, yet ere you ſhall depart, this wee deſire as friends to *Antioch*, we may feaſt in *Tyre*. *Exeunt.*

Enter Cleon the Gouernour of Tharſus with his wife and others.

Cleon My *Dioniza* ſhall we reſt vs here,
And by relating tales of others griefes,
See if t'will teach vs to forget our owne?

Dion. That were to blow at fire in hope to quench it,
For who digs hills becauſe they doe aſpire?
Throwes downe one mountayne to caſt vp a higher:
O my diſtreſſed Lord, euen ſuch our griefes are,
Heere they are but felt, and ſeene with miſchiefes eyes,
But like to Groues being topt, they higher riſe.

Cleon. O *Dioniza*,
Who wanteth food, and will not ſay he wants it,
Or can conceale his hunger till hee famiſh?
Our tongues and ſorrowes doe ſound deepe:
Our woes into the aire, our eyes to weepe,
Till tongues fetch breath that may proclayme
Them louder, that if heauen ſlumber, while
Their creatures want, they may awake
Their helpers, to comfort them.
Ile then diſcourſe our woes felt ſeuerall yeares
And wanting breath to ſpeake helpe me with teares.

Dion. Ile do my beſt Sir.

Cleon. This *Tharſus*, or'e which I haue the Gouernment,
A City on whom plenty held full hand:
For riches ſtrewde her ſelfe euen in the ſtreets,

Whoſe

Whoſe towers bore-heads ſo high they kiſt the clowdes,
And ſtrangers neuer beheld, but wondred at,
Whoſe men and dames ſo ietted and adorn'de,
Like one anothers glaſſe to trimme them by:
Their tables were ſtor'de full to glad the ſight,
And not ſo much to feede on, as delight,
All pouerty was ſcorn'de, and pride ſo great,
The name of helpe grew odious to repeate.

Dion. O t'is too true.

Cleon. But ſee what heauen can do by this our change:
Theſe mouthes who but of late, earth, ſea, and ayre,
Were all too little to content and Pleaſe,
Although they gaue their creatures in aboundance:
As houſes are defil'de for want of vſe,
They are now ſtaru'de for want of exerciſe:
Thoſe pallats who not yet to ſauers yonger,
Muſt haue inuentions to delight the taſte,
Would now be glad of bread and beg for it:
Theſe mothers who to nouzell vp their babes,
Thought nought too curious, are ready now
To eate thoſe little darlings whom they lou'de,
So ſharpe are hungers teeth, that man and wife,
Draw lots who firſt ſhall die to lengthen life.
Here ſtands a Lord, and there a Lady weeping:
Here many ſinke, yet thoſe which ſee them fall,
Haue ſcarce ſtrength left to giue them buryall.
Is not this true?

Dion. Our cheekes and hollow eyes do witneſſe it.

Cleon. O let thoſe Cities that of plenties cup,
And her proſperityes ſo largely taſte,
With their ſuperfluous ryots heare theſe teares,
The miſery of *Tharſus* may be theirs.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Where's the Lord Gouernour?

Cleon. Here, ſpeake out thy ſorrowes, which ſ bring'ſt

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